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CLASS OF NINETY-NINE

Aurora

EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

SAGINAW

BASTIAN BROS. & COMPANY,
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.
1899.

The Bay Port Hotel

The popular summer resort of the Saginaw Valley. Recreation at reasonable rates.

For terms address Mrs. Carrie Ives Saunders, Manager,
BAY PORT, MICH.

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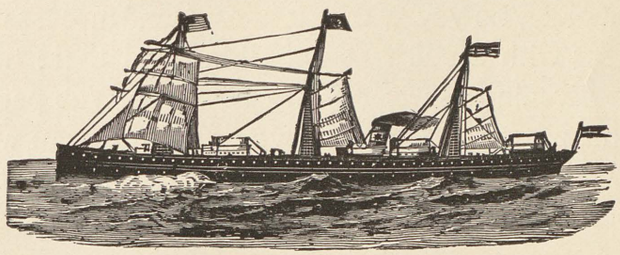

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The Growth of the Evening News.

THE growth of the Saginaw Evening News during the past five years of its existence has been the greatest and most remarkable of any Michigan newspaper. The average issue of the Evening News for the year 1894 was 3531, while the average issues of the Evening News for the first three months of 1899 was 8035.

The Semi-Weekly News had an average circulation in 1894 of 4963 and in the first three months of 1899, 9325.

In 1893 the Evening News was being printed on what is known as a two-revolution Cottrell press. This press printed only one side of each sheet at a time which necessitated the feeding of each individual sheet twice through the press in order to get a perfect paper—before it should be passed to the folding machine. That press printed one side at a time at a speed of 1500 an hour, so that it really only produced 750 complete newspapers each hour. In the fall of 1893 a Cox Duplex Press took the place of the old Cottrell. The capacity of the Duplex was 4000 an hour, and the publishers of the News felt at that time that the new press would meet their needs for a great many years to come. The circulation of the Evening and Semi-Weekly News increased so rapidly, however, that it was found necessary to replace the Duplex press with a still faster machine, and there has just been erected in the Evening News office a new Hoe Web perfecting press and folder. This press is what is known as a three page wide insetting machine and will print four and six page newspapers at a speed of 24000 an hour and eight and twelve page papers at a speed of 12000 an hour.

The design of this new machine is such that if the News continues to grow in the next five years as it has during the past five, that it will only be necessary in order to meet the needs of an increased circulation to erect a similar machine by the side of the present one and thereby double the output of the plant.

Aurora '99

AURORA BOARD.

AURORA BOARD.

Editor-in-Chief, A. R. Treanor.

Assistant, English, Adeline Christopher.

German, Felicia Walther.

Business Manager, Clarence Blackmer.

Advertising Assistant, Donna Hill.

Historian, Louise Smith, Prophet, Eleanor Richardson.

Essayist, Gertrude Mautner, Novelist, Helen Stevens.

Orator, Harry M. Comins, Poet, Esther Smith.

Artists, Florence Walz, Fred Sheriff.

Humorists, Mary Stewart, Robert Wyek.

DEDICATION

WITH deep gratitude for the able manner in which he has guided our High School career, and with the sincerest appreciation of his kind words and helpful counsels, the "Class of '99" gratefully dedicate this edition of the Aurora to their beloved friend and teacher

MR. EUGENE C. WARRINER.

On
account
of the deep
interest taken by
her in this edition
of the "Aurora," and in
gratitude for the delightful
essay which she has contrib-
uted to it, the editors, in
behalf of the class of
'99, desire to express
their most sincere
thanks to

Miss Agnes Hooker.

INTRODUCTION

NINE years have now passed since the first "Aurora" was launched on the sea of destiny. Bravely she met the waves of adversity, and withstood the force of the unsympathetic sea. Now the fleet numbers nine, all banded in unison, all fostered by one spirit, and all having a tendency to glorify one object.

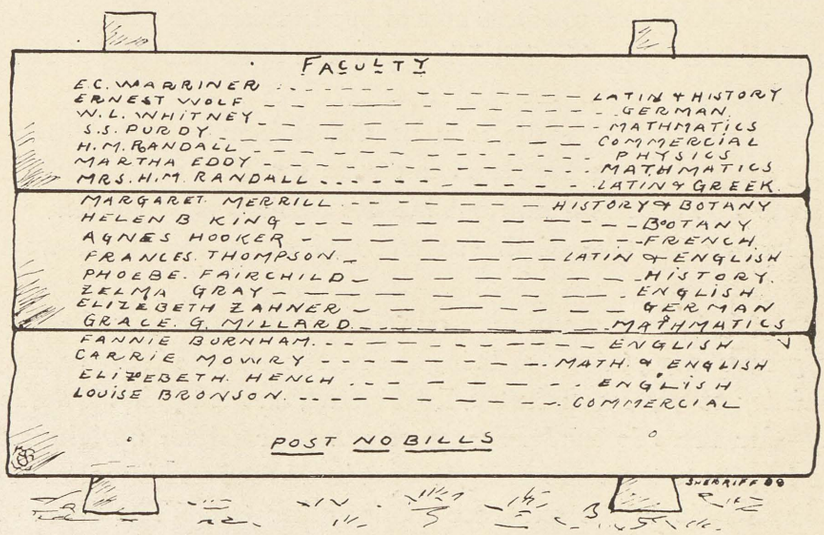
For four years the class of '99 has been preparing the material for their ship. Carefully have they noted the misfortunes of other vessels, and wisely have profited by their careers.

We readily recognize that our unskilled hands have not put together a vessel which is perfect, but---

Be to our faults
a little blind,
To our virtues
a trifle kind.

the Editors.

SAGINAW HIGH SCHOOL.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ERNEST WOLF - - - - - - - - - - - - - GERMAN.
W.L. WHITNEY - - - - - - - - - - - - MATHMATICS
S.S. PURDY - - - - - - - - - - - - - COMMERCIAL
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MARTHA EDDY - - - - - - - - - - - - MATHMATICS
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PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.—"INDUSTRY."

FELLOW CLASSMATES: As Commencement day draws near, as visions of parchment roll and of interested, noisy spectators become more real and withal pleasingly terrifying, we feel that we are being torn away from all our pleasant associations, and pushed rudely into new phases of life. We shrink from it—it is an untried thing—we can not see the way.—Our illusions are shattered, our hopes thrown down. The gauzy fabric with which we were wont to clothe the future has been rent and torn away, and we fearfully gaze at the cold, hard outlines of Destiny.

Our association during the last four years, the common motives that have actuacted us and the unity of purpose we have had in view have all contributed to the development of a class spirit which to me has been one of the greatest charms of our school life. We have been one great family where the ties of common interests have proved only a little less binding than those of kindred and of blood.

It is this dominating class spirit that makes us hope for the best that life has in store for any of our band. If, in the years to come, any of our number shall have attained any destinction, no jealousy shall mar the pride that fills our hearts at the thought of the glory that comes to our best-loved '99.

But let us remember that while it is natural to indulge in the illusions of hope, there must be something more vigorous than hope to secure the rich emoluments of advancement, well-being and honor. To control and subdue the passions and appetites, resist the blandishments of ease and luxury will take all the mental and moral force that we can summon to our aid.

With the hope that every member of our class will resolve to make the most of his life, I hold up for our general acceptance—as being the most certain to bring us the greatest measure of success—that trinity of virtues, Industry, Intelligence, and Integrity. While the greatest of these is Integrity—for there is no harmony of character where uprightness is wanting and where there is no loyalty to the sense of right—yet in a broad and important sense Industry is foundational—indispensable to the existence of the other two. The heart of the idle man is rich pasture for every loathsome vice. It abounds in a conglomeration of feelings and passions as uncanny and unwholesome as the contents of the 'witches' cauldron.'

But Industry is not allied to vice. It is one of those flowers of life that is redolent with sweetness and purity. Evil thoughts and tendencies are crushed out by its influence and all that is pure and noble in human nature is encouraged and fostered by its silent power. It is the builder of homes, the founder of cities, the destroyer of ignorance.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

In our youthful days when our characters are building, let us not overlook the development of this manly and womanly virtue. Our success depends upon it, our reputations hinge upon it, and the whole trend of our lives will be influenced and directed by it if it but find fruitful soil where it may flourish.

—Ernest May.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '99.

REALIZING that the '99 Aurora would not be complete if it did not contain a history of the destined-to-be-remarkable class which edited it, a would-be historian was appointed for the purpose of perpetuating its deeds, beginning with the time when the class became Freshmen.

The class entered the High School one morning in the early part of September, '95. Inwardly we were quaking, but we must have been an imposing sight; for only a few from the upper classes muttered "Freshies" in their most lofty manner.

We were ushered into Room I, where Miss Hedrick took us in charge. It was soon discovered that one room would not hold us all, so some were sent to Miss Gray. The first part of the morning was spent in the Assembly Room where a lengthy list of announcements was read. After this we were furnished with a goodly supply of books and then sent home.

The next morning we returned, feeling very important and fully able to withstand the tricks of the upper classes, until some seemingly kind scholar would give us directions and then laugh when we followed them, only to find ourselves in the wrong room.

Through the entire year we struggled with our lessons and endeavored to avoid being sent to the office, where we expected all sorts of dire punishment from the occupant of that sanctuary, until we learned that what he said was true, that "he wasn't so fierce as he looked," besides, Mr. Warriner himself was a Freshman, though as far as we know, he does not expect to graduate with us. So he must have had a fellow feeling for us and let us off easily.

One of our very few faults as a class is our delay in getting to work, as Miss F-r-c-d can doubtless inform you, and it was not until near the end of the year that we had our election of officers, who were as follows: president, Ross McCausland, vice-president, Bessie Grant, secretary, Mamie Symons, treasurer, Fred Sheriff.

With these four as a safeguard against evils (in the form of tests), we came off with flying colors, most of us leaving Miss Gray and Miss Hedrick, with her awe-inspiring forefinger, while we advanced to the dignity of Sophomores.

As we were still a very large class we were again divided, Miss Muma having the "Skim Milk" (?), and Miss Leavitt the "Creams" (?), as one amiable person designated us. We had improved since we were Freshmen; for this year we chose our officers a few months after school began. Mamie Symons, president, Andrew McLean, vice-president, Florence Sanborne, secretary, Ernest May, treasurer, and Frank Wolf, marshal. This was the most important event of the year, the monotony of which was broken only by the scrapes into which we managed to get.

The next year found us established in what we considered a position of no small importance, that of Juniors, who had the privilege of sitting in the gallery in the Assembly Room, where we could look down, literally and figuritively, upon the Sophomores and Freshmen.

Again we were divided; Miss Eddy took the greater part and Miss Muma the remainder. In spite of our lofty position we were still good natured enough to let a few Sophomores mingle with our select number.

The first important event was the election of officers, which for various reasons was rather lively. President, Arthur Treanor, vice-president, Eleanor Richardson, secretary, Edward Granville, treasurer, Adeline Christopher, marshal, Ross McCausland, were considered worthy of the honor which we bestowed upon them. At this meeting navy blue and gold were chosen for our class colors.

A short time after this the Faculty came to the conclusion that some of us were so crammed full of knowledge that an outlet was necessary. So we had a Junior Ex., which of course, out shown all other Ex's.

Sometimes a class breaks away from old, or starts new, customs. In not having a Junior Hop, we departed from the usual order of things. Our originality caused us to shun the paths beaten by other classes, for one thing; then there was not enough frivolity in our composition to care for such wordly giddiness.

We did not find Physics and Cicero as disagreeable as we had expected. The teachers of these two studies were so exceedingly good natured that we began to have our suspicions; and these were found to be well grounded, for at the end of the year it was announced that Mr. Randall and Miss Muma were engaged. Later on, during the summer, they were quietly married in Detroit, and may they live long and happily!

Having been successful in other lines, we tried our luck at lawn fetes. This was to be given in honor of the class of '98, and took place at the home of Ross McCausland. The yard was decorated with lanterns, and the hammocks which were hung here and there were very seldom vacant. At the close of the evening cake and ices were served. The dancing, music, and long strolls in the moonlight will long be remembered.

So the years passed, and after we had become the much honored Seniors. "Example to the Freshmen" in everything, of course, we chose Ernest May president. Immediately after his election our president sent for samples of class pins which, on their arrival, were carefully examined and finally one was chosen. The pins are said to be handsomer than any yet chosen by High School classes.

After showing our good taste in selecting our pins, another example of our brightness was exhibited. Some of our boys, desiring to proceed further in fluency and oratorical gestures, than was possible in the short time allotted them in the school hours, formed the worthy brotherhood of the K. of H. It is hoped that with such an object the society will prove successful.

Ernest May and Arthur Treanor were chosen to represent our High School, the former as contestant in, and the latter as vice-president of, the Inter-Scholastic Oratorical League, to be held at Bay City some time in the middle of May.

In order to raise money for the class gift to the High School, we have engaged Hoyt L. Conary to deliver "A Man About Town." This is said to be one of the finest productions of its kind, and we hope with the proceeds to leave a beautiful remembrance behind us.

Now as to some of our number. In this remarkable class there is a tall child with an equally long name, somewhere in the vicinity of six feet, if she does say otherwise; also a young man about four and a half feet, little, but, Oh my." Besides these two, we have a horseless Hack and a Sheriff. And when the class of '00 thought they would be original and have a class two-step, they made a mistake about the originality, for we already have a class Waltz which is not to be excelled.

And now our High School life is drawing to a close. May the lessons we have learned here, help us to make the most of our lives hereafter, and thus be a benefit to the world.

—Louise Smith.

CLASS SONG.

Air: Selection from Victor Herbert's 'Serenade.'

JUNE has come, and with it endeth
High School's happy days;
And 'mid friends and classmates now we sing
Our farewell lays.
Happy years we've spent together,
Mem'ries bright we hold.
And we always will remember well
The blue and gold.

Future years are hidden now, but
Happy may each be.
As we journey on life's pathway
May we often see
Friendly faces of our comrades, who in days of old,
Shared with us our joys and sorrows
'Neath the blue and gold.

Chorus.

And now, ere we are parted
Our farewell, one and all, let us sing
Farewell, classmates, farewell, teachers,
May the future years joy to you bring
And wherever
You wander, may your pathway
With bright flowers be strewn, may you hold
Kindest mem'ries of you classmates,
And of our dear blue and gold.

CLASS ESSAY—LIFE'S STATUE.

NOBLE men and women are great sculptors. They are beings who have been given a shapeless mass of life and have chiseled and carved it into a beautiful, graceful statue, their character. You are a sculptor and you may be a noble man or woman. You are given a life's material and you may do with it what you please. You may waste some of the precious marble and have left a dwarfed, disgraceful figure, or you may use it carefully to build a lofty grand life.

Like a great artist, you will have a model. If you take an imperfect one, if you have a single low aim, your character will surely show the same defect. It is impossible, in forming so grand a thing as a character, to have a living model. You must form an ideal one. You must place in this ideal all of your highest conception of what is noble and pure in life. If then you keep this ideal before you always, if you fashion your deeds according to its deeds, your character will become like it. It will mysteriously take the same beautiful form and expression that the spirit of your model bears. You may take any model you choose, so "Hitch your wagon to a star." In building your character you may never attain your ideal, in fact, you never can. For, the more successful you become as a sculptor, the more perfect is the model you seek. Your ideal will then be growing higher all the time as you approach it and become stronger.

Then you must test your life, just as the sculptor does his marble. Chip off what is imperfect. If there is an impure vein in it, cast it away entirely. You will find a solid, pure life if you will look for it. When you have picked out the best character and the best substance that you can find, you may begin to carve it.

A skillful sculptor uses delicate instruments. You too must use such ones. Every mark that you make with your chisel will leave an impression. If you strike hastily and roughly, if you do any wrong act, it will leave a deep scar, and although you may be able to cover it up, still its marks will always be plain. Therefore strike gently and carefully; consider your steps wisely. Seek to bring out all the noble and strong things that are hidden under life's surface and develop every feature skillfully. Add to your life daily little touches that will make it better, and work ceaselessly to make it approach your hopes. Never be discouraged. Never allow your statue to fall and break. If you guard it faithfully and work at it patiently it will have a firm foundation.

Place your life upon a high pedestal where it may receive all the beautiful light of the sun. Protect it sacredly and shield it from the low influences. Do not let it be touched by unclean hands. Let it stand where others may see it and be helped by it, that their lives may be better and happier.

If you will only live a pure and simple life, your character will stand as a statue which will tower even above the works of ancient Rome's greatest sculptors, for it will be to men, not only beautiful to the eye but ennobling to the soul.

—Gertrude Mautner.

CLASS POEM.

FUTURE glory prophesying
Comes the lovely month of June,
Bringing hopes of all that's brightest,
Earth to joy she doth attune.
May our future years be brilliant
As the summer coming soon.

'Tis in our own power to make them
Full of darkness or of light;
We can rise by strong endeavor,
Or lose always in the fight.
Shall we, then, give up, discouraged,
Or resolve to climb the height.

Let us strive for what is noble,
Let us strive for what is right,
Aiming always at the brightest,
Struggling upward toward the light,
Though the way be long and weary,
Yet to will is half the fight.

What though by the way we stumble,
E'en though some of us may fall?
Let us rise, again be striving,
One attempt must not be all.
In the great, unknown hereafter
God will not these falls recall.

We may never reach the summit
We've attempted to attain.
Though we fail, will then our striving
Have been labor spent in vain?
No! Our effort may enable
Some faint heart his strength to gain.

It is not what we've accomplished
That will count for us at last.
If we strive (although we conquered),
If we always do our best.
That is what will be remembered,
That will be the final test.

—Esther Smith.

CLASS ORATION—IMPERIALISM.

OF THE many perplexing questions which are at present agitating the American people, none should be given greater consideration than the question of imperialism. We are about to decide whether we will remain a republic and carry out the plans and instructions of our forefathers, or disobey them; and unheeding their advice, change the very cornerstone of the American government.

To-day America stands forth as the greatest example of a representative government the world has ever known. Heretofore her policy has always been, not to enter into offensive or defensive alliances with other nations; not to extend her territory, but unaffected by European quarrels, to lead a quiet and peaceful existence. While the different European nations have been spending annually millions upon millions of dollars in building and maintaining a large army and navy, the United States, secure in her position, has been increasing her trade and commerce until to-day she leads the commercial world, excelling even Great Britain with her colonies and dependencies in all parts of the world.

Now, shall we continue to prosper and improve our own country, separated from the broils and intrigues of Europe, or shall we enter the great land grabbing contest along with Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, and bring upon ourselves an endless train of evils? Shall we, remembering the purpose for which we revolted from Great Britain, remembering the constitution which binds us together as a nation and says, "all nations derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,"—shall we give to others the rights and privileges for which we struggled, or forgetful of our history, regardless of the rights of others, shall we enter upon a course which will in every way degrade our glorious flag of freedom? If we do adopt an imperialistic policy, we will say that our revolt from Great Britain was unlawful, that our constitution is not binding, that governments do not derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and taxation without representation is just.

Furthermore we will need an army and navy that will compare favorably with the armed heads of Europe. At present we have a standing army of fifty thousand men; France, Germany, Russia and England have each over five hundred thousand. We have but a few first class battleships; they not only have many times our number, but are constantly increasing their navy. It has been estimated that by an English expert that we would need two hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually for many years to come in order to catch up with other nations. And what should we gain in the end? We should furnish a new field for trusts and combines, a means whereby a few rich capitalists might increase their already enormous wealth, but we should bring out increased burdens upon the laboring man of the country.

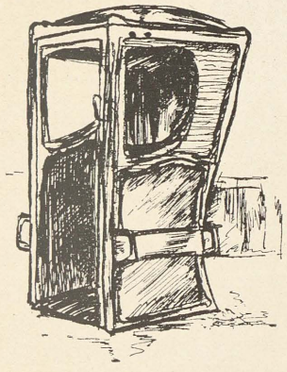
When we consider our own history, how we revolted from Great Britain because of her unjust oppression, how we have always opposed imperialism as one of the greatest evils that could befall any nation, does it not seem impossible that we are on the verge of adopting that

policy? That, regardless of the advice of Washington, Webster and Monroe, we are entering upon a course, which can end in nothing but international difficulties and quarrels?

Although at present the people are excited by our recent victories over Spain that they clamor for expansion and imperialism, let us hope that before they adopt a policy which will in every way injure them, they will give the question mature consideration. And when, to a nation as wise and intelligent as the American people are, two courses are open—the one embodying safety, prosperity and peace, the other danger, heavy taxation and continual strife, there should be no doubt as to the final outcome. No! the protecting hand which has guarded our republic from its infancy, will not fail it in this great crisis. The United States, the land of freedom, justice and peace, will not enter the field of blood and carriage, ere yet the echo of the Czar's appeal of disarmament and universal peace has died away.

—Harry M. Comins.

STORIETTE.



MANY, many long years he had served his mistress—that mistress of the powdered hair and silk gown. He had carried in his faithful old arms both mother and child. To be sure, he was still proud of his family, though long since a more youthful and modern servant had assumed his duties. Still he clung to his old satin suit (or rather the suit clung to him) and the old air of dignity was plainly visible on his face.

Now, as the winds of winter blew round him in gusty whirls, he felt his remaining strength fast giving way. Those winds whose murmurings whispered to him sweet memories of the time when he too had held his place in the busy world and proudly waited for his mistress before the theatre door. But he was old now and of little use to the world. His knees were weak and his unlubricated joints creaked with each movement of his poor old body.

One day, as he stood there beneath the old shed, he heard unusual sounds around him and soon he felt himself lifted gently and carried away. It seemed years before he was finally set down again where he might rest his tired racked frame. How strange every thing was around him. He was surrounded by numberless peculiar beings, old like himself. His bleared visions could discern that they all had great signs tacked on them. He was just congratulating himself that he was not to be thus placarded, when behold, he saw coming toward him a man with a sign.

Indignant, yet submissive, he slowly turned round and quietly accepted his fate—the obnoxious cardboard.—Many, many years he has stood in that same spot, and he still wonders what is written on that sign. People pass and repass, remark upon his age and his antiquated looks, but they never mention his name and he never will know the meaning of that card upon his head —"Sedan Chair of the 16th Century."

Helen Stevens.

CLASS PROPHECY.

OF ROYAL peace and happy, joyful days,
Sing, gentle muse, who through the devious paths
Of wisdom and of learning, hath me led,
Sing, and inspire my humble song, until
It shall become more worthy of a theme
Which far above proud Ilion's falling walls,
And Rome's great legend old deserves a place.

The gods' swift messenger was summoned near,
One day, unto the great All-father's throne,
And thus to Hermes, Maia's son, Jove spoke:—
"Afar on yonder coast a town I see,
But, strange to say, no armies great
Or instruments of war and Mars.
Away, my lad, and thither go, to learn
Of them who seem, forsooth, more happy far
Than we who dwell on these Olympian plains."
Then Hermes, fleet, obedience does yield,
And donning sandals, light of gold, is borne
Aloft and far o'er airy mountains high,
And valleys with their seaward-flowing streams,
Until upon a heaven-aspiring hill,
He lights and gazes towards a city bright.—
It was a lovely sight, one fair to see—
Tall temples built amidst great forest trees
Whose branches formed enchanted homes.
The city lay beside the calm, blue sea
And ever seemed to nestle on its shore
As child at rest in mother's arms.
Broad were its streets and clean save where some leaf
Or blossom drifted thither by the wind
So gayly danced and fluttered; or perchance
Lay still and slumbered in the peaceful light.
All mortal things spoke either peace or joy,
And yet a busy place it was withal,
For hidden deep amid the trees and hills
He spied a market place and city-streets
Filled full with traffic large, and many men.
Advancing nearer he inquired of one,
Who wore upon his face a kindly smile,
"I pray you, tell me, sir, what city this?
Whose beauty and whose peace is envied by
The mighty line of gods who dwell above?"
"Eudaimonopolis its happy name.
Or city blessed with kindest Fortune's smile.
All those who dwell herein and near around
One time belonged to classes worthy held,
Wise ones from nine-one to ninety-nine.
To ancient ninety-one I do belong;
So it is meet that I should tell of all
The wonders that mine eyes have seen.
Of vict'ries won and mutinies subdued
By one great class. For, truth to tell, until
The class of ninety-nine, the last and best,
Came hither with its mighty, loving power,
We were no more than other towns.
The best of all and noblest, Ernest May,
Their honored and acknowledged chief,
With firm but helpful sway is ruler here.
With him, fair stately Adeline here holds
An equal share of glory and renown.
These two, forsooth, deserve much praise from all
For many hours of toilsome labor given,
And planning great, all done in our behalf.
Under the rule of these, our chosen two,
This city has unto these heights arisen.—
But would you see our college grand,
Then follow me along this pleasant street."
So onward now they went past buildings tall,
And now and then the mortal unto Mercury
Did speak or pointed out some mark of note
Or person famous for a kindly deed.
Two gentle sweet-faced girls, they saw, loved much
For deeds of kindness and of charity.
Our Gertrude and Felicia happiest far
When ministering unto another's needs.
Likewise two other maidens fair and gay,
They passed with rolls of music 'neath their arms;
And with them one who had a happy smile.
"Gay Vernie, Ethel, tall, sweet music make,
Their melodies inspiring lift our souls
Above all earthly woes and gladden us.
And she who with them walks is Lucy named,
Whose generous heart and home is open wide
To all who numbered are among her friends."
And as he spoke they turned their steps within
Two brazen gates on which was graven clear
The words "Vitae non scholae, discimus."
Within were many spacious marble halls
In which the teachers grave could well be seen.
The first of all these halls was ruled by one
Whose dignity and wisdom won the love
Of every one who went beneath her sway.—
The same Louise as in the days of old.
Near by the learned Delano is heard
Expounding doctrines taught in ancient times
By gentle Socrates and Plato wise.
And just across the hall, so broad and large,
Are Eva and Gertrude teaching now a class
Of youths the mystic science hard and harsh,
Geometry. Here also Helen and Georgina calm
Are hearing once again the story told
Of ancient heroes' trials in war and peace,
Or wanderings lone both on the sea and land.
Then o'er the scientific laboratories
Our quiet Murphy famous ruler is,
And with him, as his knowing chemists, work
Edith and Edna, Cora, Mabel mild.

But now had come the time when all did meet
To offer up in various ways great thanks

For all the joyous blessings here enjoyed,
Whether alone or in the temples vast
All must this ever sacred duty keep.
And so the god and guide walked slowly out
The halls and down the streets until they heard
Sweet strains of music pealing forth from out
A massive temple's doors. Within they stepped;
A song of royal mercy, full and pure,
The singer seemed full worthy of the song
She sang, for Lydia's noble face showed true
Fulfillment now of early promises.
The song was finished soon and hushed was all
As down the dim, old aisle, arrayed in gown,
Walked Bishop Comins to his chancel-rail
With stately step, sedate as a priest of yore,
And from his earnest lips came forth the words
Of wisdom and of comfort which might well
Relieve all those who hither came for aid.
But now his wise discourse is o'er,
And from the organ's depths fair Bessie Grant
Draws forth again the melodies divine.
Across the way, in modest Methodist way,
Are many there to hear the sermon kind
Of Reverend Marshall gray and dignified.
And when his sermon finished is
He then announces clear "The one hundredth
And seventieth hymn, the choir will now please sing."
And while Miss Becker, Saint Cecilia-like
The enraptured listeners holds music sweet,
With voice upraised and faces glorified
Fair Colcleugh, Golson, Zuehlke, Schuller sing,
As leaders of the infant's Sunday-school
Will Loebrich wise and Miss McHose are known.
And as the wanderers thence departed from
The temples' gateways tall, each then received
A book in which was printed characters
Of various kinds, all strange to Hermes mild.
The gods' kind guide speaks, "This contains all news
Of goodness and the latest knowledge gained
By all the people in our kingdoms vast.
Its name Aurora and its chief so brave
Is Clarence Blackmer named, who, aided by
Two maidens true, is ever striving hard
To serve his land and this our city fair.
Through this work brought forth by labor great
Each day; and freed from all the direful cares
Well known to him in advertising great
He knows himself a happier, wiser man.
The two advertisers, always friends since days
Of old, are Gertrude kind and Ina fair,
While Barton charge of all the business takes."
But, staying footsteps here, the guide spoke thus
"No more may here be seen by you today.
Yet comes a day of pleasure here to all.
When next the dawn shall flash o'er all the earth,
For then it is we celebrate the fame
Of him whose guiding hand led ever on
To glory these our friends of ninety-nine,
The wiset teacher, kindest, truest friend,
Our own great Warriner of Saginaw.
'Twas said of him as of any other one
Whose name is loved, that first men feared him well
But learned to honor, love him, then revere.
Come hither, then, if sights of pleasure fine
And royal mirth it is your wish to see."
Then bidding each farewell, the two did leave.
But scarce had glowing dawn in golden sheen
Dispersed the shadows dark on earth,
When Hermes left the joyous plains above
And o'er the plains and hills again he passed,
Until amid the leafy groves he came.
The pleasant, shady woods were filled with all
The people their to hear again the songs
Of her, their laurel-crowned lyric queen
Fair Esther Smith.
Then Mary Cowell sweet, and Myrtle wise
Each read an ode in purest Greek to him
Whose smile or frown one time had meant so much.
Next came nine orators their powers great
To show. Such eloquence and logic fine
Young Mercury had never heard before,
Not even Rome or Athens beautiful
Could boast in palmiest days a greater worth
Then these young statesmen here possessed.
Of all the keenest, brightest there, was he,
The city's ablest man, law-giver just,
Great Arthur Treanor, ever nobly true,
The loyal city's happy, best-loved son.
Also a choral melody was sung
In which did mingle voices sweet and loud
Of faithful Sarah, Carrie, Lillian good,
With those of Hattie and wise Annie, too.
In song and music was the morning spent.

And when the noonday meal once more was o'er,
The happy people came in haste to see
The members of the various classes meet, to test
Their skill in many games of strength and power.
Full charge of these held Goseline proud,
Well fitted by his youthful training strict
And talent great for this position here.
Now sounded herald's signals sharp and quick;
Each face bore hushed expectancy, until
Appeared three youths whose swiftness vaunted was.
Away they dashed, and as they nearer came
Unto the goal, the watchers breathless stood.
For narrowly was now this contest close,
But loud applause did greet the fleet Tom Briggs.
Next came two others from that noble class
Of ninety-nine. At first, ill-matched they seem,
But near events soon proved the adage old
"Outward appearances oft times deceive."
For though tall Baillee showed more strength and power,
Yet Alfred by his skill and cunning 'scaped
All blows of his opponent's mighty strength;
For though but half his size and weight,

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At last unto the dark, soft earth him hurled,
Then was there shouting loud, and cheering cries
Of "Kerns," "Hurrah for Kerns," the whole air filled,
Amidst ths noise the fallen crept away;
His lofty pride for once entire o'er-thrown,
For his the first down-fall of any yet
Whose name belonged to ninety-nine,
Then gladly do the people welcome all
The boats in which the crowds of merry girls
Are sitting, oar in hand, until a note
More loud and clear gives each the signal shrill,
Then merrily they rush across the waves
And turning back again, they come to shore,
Right glad are all the people on that shore
To greet the boat in which are rowing there
Sweet Alice, leader now, and Abbie bright,
And with them quiet Grace and Ethel gay,
This was the end of the day's festivities;
But in the even-time still greater things
Were yet to be.---And presently was seen
A stronger light than comes from sun or moon,
For all the groves were far ablaze in light,
Which scarcely seemed of earthly radiance,
There hidden amidst the leaves and buds
Glowed fairy stars of many colors bright,
Placed there by him whose name is spread abroad
For making airships light,—George Grant his name,
The night's great revelry was now to be a play
Filled both with comedy and tragedy,
The author's name sufficient warrant gave
Of all desired in merit fine or worth,
For this was not the first great play wrought out
Through their combined, industrious genius, great,
These humorists, so witty, wise and keen
Our jolly Mary, kind, and sober (?) Rob!
The building large in which it was to be played,
Like others in Eudaimonapolis,
Was planned and sketched by Sheriff, architect,
With his assistant here, gay Louise Moore,
Within upon its walls was sculptured bold—
The legendary song of one time joys
And danger met before the happy throng
Had thus together come in wisdom, wise,
The sculptor, Donna, whose fair art was shown,
Likewise the joyful tale in colors bright
Was painted high upon the golden dome
By Maud and Florence, celebrated far,
Drinshaw Sinshaw the name the play did bear,
And Japanese its name and character,
The heroines, Hortense and Lora, injured were,
Charles Hack, the dread, bold villain strong,
Whose wicked wiles and schemes were soon o'er come
By valiant Lee and noble friend Vallette,
Well taken was each part though difficult;
Again and yet again recalled were those
Who thus to all the people here had given
Enjoyment great and pleasures sweet to have,
And satisfied were all and knew that now
Great honor they had shown him they loved
So well. And so was ended here a day
Of joyful pleasure, and once more the god,
Jove's fleetest messenger, returns above,
And wavers ne'er until the happy light
Is seen and Jupiter's great throne is reached,
Then bending low, he tells the story bright,
Anon the father old did smile and spoke
"Well done, my Hermes, ever fleet of foot,
Yea, blessed are they whom thou hast seen below,
And happier far than other mortals are,
And thus shall they forever dwell; for these
Have learned the greatest of life's lessons harsh,
That is to live in peace and concord e'er
And jealousy and hatred far away
From out their thoughts and plans to place,
And ever shall the whole wide world about
Rejoicing echo and re-echo back,
Inspiring words of love "Great '99."

—Eleanor B. Richardson, '99.

"PAUL."

THE children were all gathered in the schoolroom and the signal sounded for order when Henry burst out laughing. "What are you laughing at, Master Henry?" demanded the teacher in his commanding voice. Henry shrugged his shoulders and remarked that he was laughing at "that picture on Paul's slate, sir," whereupon Paul was ordered to produce his slate.

Now, Paul was somewhat of an artist and had sketched a remarkably good likeness of the teacher, but as drawing faces was considered anything but complimentary to the subject, Paul was called upon the floor before the school to receive his punishment, which consisted of a good rapping upon the knuckles which the Master knew well how to apply.

Paul, who was always a quiet, earnest pupil, felt his humiliation greatly, especially as Helen was present to witness it. He remained quiet the rest of the afternoon, and as soon as School was out went home to open his heart to his mother, who sympathized with her son as all mothers do. Paul felt relieved and happy, but his joy was not for long.

The next day some boys entered Squire Brown's arbor and stole his grapes and destroyed his vines. He arrived just in time to see a figure disappear over the fence, but a tell tale hat remained behind. The Squire picked it up and found inside a ribbon on which was worked in a neat stitch "Paul Graves," a present from Helen.

The Squire, together with the sheriff, made his appearance the next day at school and Paul was arrested. All evidence was against him, no one saw him, it is true, but his hat remained behind. He was brought before the court and allowed to go, pending good behavior.

He did not know how he should ever be able to face Helen again. He started out for a walk down by the brook and stopped on a little rustic bridge and was lost in thought. Suddenly his reveries was interrupted by the sound of footsteps, he looked around and the object of his thought met his view, Helen, with her arms filled with ferns and wild flowers. She paused, and selecting the very prettiest flower, pinned it in his button-hole. They sauntered to a seat near by and before he knew it, Paul had told her of all his troubles and she comforted him. They returned home together. He carried her flowers in his arms and beneath his patched but clean jacket a much lighter heart.

That evening Squire Brown sat on his veranda and heard a slight noise in the direction of the arbor, slipped around and grabbed a boy by the collar just as he was stealing along the fence. He proved to be John Randall, another boy, who being frightened, told that he was but one of the scouts who "watched" while Henry Grohman stole the grapes.

Thus truth will out, and Paul was proven innocent, as Henry had committed the first offence, but being jealous of Paul, had stolen his hat so the crime would fall upon him.

About this time war was declared and Paul thought it was his duty to go. He went to bid Helen farewell; although no word of love had ever passed their lips, she kissed him good bye with tears in her eyes.

The next day he joined his regiment. While out scouting he drew a plan of the enemy's lines and handed it to his general, who was surprised as well as pleased, and recognized at once the ability of this private in the ranks. He gave him promotion after promotion until he became colonel. But while in the field shortly after with his men, he was shot and severely wounded. News of the terrible battle reached his native town and his name appeared among the missing. At last Helen, Paul's mother and friends gave him for dead. If Helen had been her own daughter she could not have been kinder to Paul's mother. Finally she decided to enlist as a nurse in the hospitals for the seldiers.

While all this was happening at home, Paul having been left upon the field for dead, was captured by the enemy and cast into Andersonsville prison. Finally, half dead from starvation and exposure, he was exchanged with a lot of prisoners and passed into northern hands. He was at once sent to one of the hospitals in Northern New York. We would not recognize this bundle of bones, the dirt of weeks upon his hands and face, as our Paul. He was placed upon a cot nearly dead from travel.

A sweet nurse, in making the rounds of the ward, was startled by his face, softly wiped away the dust and dirt stains. He opened his great brown eyes, reason returned for but a moment, he breathed her name, "Helen," and fell back as if indeed dead. Helen hastily summoned a doctor, and after hours of hard work they wore him slowly back to life.

Weeks passed and he was able to return home. Helen went with him as he was not strong enough to travel alone. A grand celebration heralded the return of the supposed dead and the brave Helen, who gave her strength to help the sick and dying soldiers.

They enjoyed each other's society much now, and during those nearly perfect moonlight evenings when all nature is bathed in a soft silver light, they talked of the future, and Paul offered her his life, which he said was justly hers as she brought it back from the grave. The evenings were all too short. And now, when father Time has changed her golden hair to silver, and she totters as she walks, one can hardly tell them from the lovers of old, only by outward appearance. Their hearts are one, --

Maude Scollen, '99.

DISENCHANTMENT.

IN the hammock they were swinging,
He and she,
Gentle zephyrs light were blowing
O'er the lea.

He was brave and gay and handsome,
She was sweet,
And the hammock, he kept swinging
With his feet.

Would you know the tale he told her
As they swung?
Ah! It was the old, old story,
They were young.

E'en the leaves it seemed were bending
Low to hear,
Those dear words that he was lisping
In her ear.

Unto her it seemed a transient
Lovely dream;
But, at length, she left the hammock
With a scream.

All at once her airy castle
Was a wreck,---
She had found a worm a-crawling
On her neck.

—Lillian Orr.

A VISIT TO ETON COLLEGE.

THERE is a tale of a sexton, who, having received permission to take a holiday after twenty years of conscientious grave-digging, decided to pass the precious hours in a neighboring cemetery. Perhaps it was the same spirit which led the "School-master" of our party, soon after our arrival in England, to pay a visit to one of her great secondary schools, Eton College.

The trip to Eton may easily be combined with that to Windsor Castle and Stoke Pogis, the little grave-yard where Thomas Gray sat "neath the yew-tree's pleasant shade," and wrote his immortal elegy,—a spot now made sacred by the poet's tomb.

We concluded to study the abode of royalty first, the intellectual cradle of England's great men next, and thus reach Stoke Pogis in time to hear "the curfew toll the knell of parting day" from the castle tower.

Shortly after noon, on a beautiful August day, we crossed the cast iron bridge over the Thames which separates Windsor from Eton. Our "cabby" sententiously remarked, as we drove through the quiet streets, bordered by magnificent trees: "Ah, ladies, Eton is in mournin' when the young gentlemen's away." He then proceeded to tell us most amusing stories of pranks played by these same young gentlemen upon himself and others of his craft. As we approached the gloomy stone gate-way of the college our spirits fell. It reminded us forcibly of prison walls, an impression which was not altogether dispelled by our entrance to the paved court-yard.

As the long vacation was not yet over, there were four masters about. Our cicerone, a brightfaced English maid, rattled off historical facts and dates with a seeming awe at their significance. The space in the center of the outer quadrangle is occupied by a bronze statue of Eton's founder, the unfortunate Henry VI. Here, in 1441, the original buildings were erected, and a "foundation" agreed upon. This, according to a manuscript seen later in the library, provided that the college should have: "One provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, a schoolmaster, twenty-five poor and indigent scholars, and the same number of poor men, or beadsmen."

Today, there are are seventy students who live within the enclosure. The distinctive dress of these is the regulation black gown, worn much more carelessly, be it said, than is the same kind of garment of late effected by the upper classmen in some of our American colleges. These "foundation" students must be loyal subjects of Great Britain, between the ages of twelve and fifteen years. These are eligible to several scholarships for Cambridge and Oxford.

The great body of students, however, is made up of nine-hundred "Oppidans," as they are called, who live in the families of the masters, or in the "Dames' Houses," selected by the school and under its jurisdiction. These are the typical Eton students whom one sees every-where in England, wearing the broad, white collars, short jackets and tall hats, which give them a grotesque appearance. One must not laugh at the absurdity of this attire, however, for these are the sons of England's most aristocratic families,—her future piers, statesmen and poets.

The course of study laid down for the students of the college was for many years a classical one. Gradually, however, mathematics and Science were added, and now these departments, together with that of modern languages, are all on an equal footing. The Quadrangle is surrounded by the "Lower School," and the chapel; the inner quadrangle comprises the library, the dining hall, and various offices. The "form-rooms," as the class-rooms are called, were strangely in contrast with the comfortable, well-equipped rooms in our American schools. Long tables of rough wood, hacked by the schoolboys' traditional jack-knife, are placed the entire length of the room. The benches which correspond with them are low and without —backs. In response to our inquiry; "Where do they keep their books?" we were informed; "They sit on 'em." The master's desk is at one end of the room on a raised platform, from which he can obtain a comprehensive view of the tables.

As we passed from one form-room to another, we observed that generations of boys have carved their names on the panels of the doors. Here, among others, is plainly traced; "Arthur Wellesley." The poor boy who remains after hours, cursing the "lines" assigned him for punishment, may, perhaps, gaze upon this name and reflect that the Duke of Wellington was once a boy like himself, subject to similar disgrace, with no more possibilities for future greatness than his luckless successor. From work to play is but a step; and we may fancy this same boy's joy, when his task finished, he ushers forth to the cricket ground. One who has never seen the green turf of England can scarcely comprehend the beauty of these "playing-fields."— They cover an immense area and are especially adapted for the national game of cricket. They extend to the river, the "silver" Thames. How the heart leaps at the thought of a boat-load of merry boys rowing on this historic river, keeping time to their old refrain:

"So we'll all pull together,
Steady from stem to bow;
And nothing in life can sever
The tie that unites us now."

Of the remaining buildings visited, the library and the chapel are the most interesting. The former contains many rare books and manuscripts, and the latter is an example of pure Gothic architecture. There is much fine oak and some mosaic work within the chapel. Here, one of our party presumed to sit in the superb oak chair near the altar. She was promptly rebuked by the old verger in charge for presuming to occupy a seat reserved for the queen. The enormity of the offense can hardly be comprehended by irreverent Americans. The lower school boys are forced to occupy most uncomfortable seats in the sanctuary; and their devotions are performed kneeling on the cold, marble floor.

As we came out from the subdued light of the chapel and passsed through the stone gates into the country road, which is hardly more than a lane, we could not help moralizing on the sight which met our backward gaze. Yonder, on her hill, sat Windsor, emblem of "the boast of heraldy, the pomp of power;" but here in the valley rise the ivory-covered towers of the institution which sends forth, yearly, its youth to swell those intellectual forces which constitute the glory and the strength of republic and kingdom, alike. —Agnes Hooker.

Zwei Jahre Deutsch in der Hochschule.

Diejenigen Schüler der Hochschule, welche Deutsch treiben wollen, müssen damit entweder im neunten oder im elften Grad anfangen. Im ersteren ist blos eine Elementarklasse, so daß die Schüler von der Germania=Schule das Deutsche nicht sogleich fortsetzen können, doch ist für nächstes Jahr diese Gelegenheit in sichere Aussicht gestellt. Aber im elften Grad giebt es zwei Abtheilungen: nämlich eine für Anfänger und eine andere für solche Schüler, die im Deutschen schon ziemlich bewandert sind und nun noch zwei weitere Jahre die deutsche Sprache studieren wollen.

In dieser Klasse werden dann neben den Sprachübungen und Diktaten verschiedene Bücher übersetzt, wie Gustav Freytags „Soll und Haben" und etliche der Meisterwerke der größten deutschen Dichter, Schiller, Göthe und Lessing.

„Soll und Haben" ist ein treffliches, naturgetreues Bild aus dem Alltagsleben des deutschen Bürgertums, besonders des Kaufmannsstandes. Es stellt das Verhältnis desselben zu dem Provinzadel dar und hebt hervor, wie unentbehrlich der kaufmännische Geist letzterem ist. Durch diesen Vergleich wird auch das Ideale und Schöne im Handelsstande gezeigt: es ist ein Komptorist des Hauses T. O. Schröter, der sich der unglücklichen, durch den brutalen Betrug zweier Juden ruinierten Familie Rothsattel widmet und sie rettet. Der Adel wird ganz von einem geschäftlichen Standpunkt aus beurteilt; es fehlte nur das Streben, die Berechnung und die kaufmännischen Kenntnisse, die sich Anton Wohlfart im Komptoir angeeignet hatte, um das Konto des Adels zu saldieren.

Was für ein entzückendes Bild des idyllischen, freien Lebens in der Schweiz wird uns in Schillers „Wilhelm Tell" ausgemalt! Als Hirten, Jäger oder Fischer beschäftigt, sind die Schweizer ein harmloses Volk, treu und rechtschaffen. Obgleich sie von den österreichischen Vögten grausam behandelt wurden, obwohl sie ein freies Volk waren, so trugen sie doch lange das verhaßte Joch der tyrannischen Herrschaft. Aber als die Last zu drückend wurde, da befreite sich das heldenmütige Volk von seinen unerträglichen Fesseln und behauptete seine ererbten Rechte. Es ist das leuchtende Beispiel eines Volkes, das sich entschlossen und tapfer seine Freiheit zurückerobert und doch seinen gerechten Zorn im Zaune hält. Nun ist es wieder das freie, unabhängige Volk, das friedlich in seinem wunderschönen Lande lebt und seinen idyllischen Beschäftigungen nachgeht.

Einen vollkommenen Gegensatz zu diesen frischen Naturkindern bilden die biederen Leutchen, die Göthe in seinem herzerhebenden Epos „Hermann und Dorothea" schildert. Man muß ihnen gut sein, diesem gemüthlichen, alten Vater und der klugen, verständigen Mutter. Beide möchten ihren einzigen Sohn Hermann gerne verheirathet sehen, aber der Vater erklärt, daß er kein armes Mädchen als Schwiegertochter in sein Haus aufnehmen werde. Doch Hermann hat gerade heute in dem traurigen Zug der während der französischen Revolution aus ihrer Heimat vertriebenen Flüchtlinge eine wackere aber arme Jungfrau gesehen und beim ersten Anblick lieben gelernt. Der gute Vater wird bald — wenn auch nicht ohne Kampf — bewogen, seine Einwilligung zur Verbindung Hermanns mit der armen Vertriebenen zu geben. Freudig geht der schüchterne junge Mann in das nahe Dorf, wo die Flüchtlinge zur Zeit verweilen, um das Mädchen zu holen. Doch, da er nicht weiß, ob sie seine Liebe erwiedert, und sie deßwegen als Magd dingt, die Eltern sie jedoch als seine Braut empfangen, entsteht ein Mißverständnis, das aber bald gelöst wird und das gute Resultat hat, daß Dorothea ihre Liebe zu Hermann gesteht und so das Paar um so fester vereinigt wird.

Göthes „Egmont" ist die tragische Geschichte eines edlen, lebenslustigen Helden, der vom Herzog Alba schmählich verurteilt und als Hochverräter hingerichtet wird. Die anderen niederländischen Fürsten hatten sich vor Albas Ankunft durch Flucht gerettet, aber Egmont beherzigte keine Warnung; sorglos blickte er in die Zukunft, denn er vertraute auf Albas Ehrenhaftigkeit. Es ist ein wunderbar schönes Bild eines idealbeanlagten, furchtlosen Kriegers, eines leutseligen, ungemein beliebten politischen Führers und eines zärtlichen Liebhabers, das Göthe entwirft. Graf Egmonts bürgerliche Geliebte, Klärchen, ist auch würdig, diesen Mann ihr eigen zu nennen, denn sie ist eine reine, liebenswürdige, aufopferungsfähige Jungfrau, deren ganzes Sein in Egmont aufgeht. Als sie von seiner Verurteilung hört, sucht sie vergebens, die furchtsamen Bürger Brüssels mit feurigen Worten zu Egmonts Rettung anzustacheln, und wenn alle Hoffnung aus ist, nimmt sie sich das Leben, denn ohne Egmont kann sie, der kleine Teil von seinem Wesen, sein „Klärchen," nicht weiterleben. Sie ist die verkörperte Hingabe und Liebe eines Weibes für alles Tapfere und Edle in einem Manne.

In der „Jungfrau von Orleans," dieser herrlichen Tragödie, zeigt Schiller so recht, was der Idealismus vermag. Die Engländer hatten einst Frankreich so weit erobert, daß sie schon die berühmte Stadt Orleans belagerten und dieselbe sich ergeben mußte, wenn nicht bald Hilfe kam. Doch woher sollte Hilfe kommen? König Karl VII. besaß nicht Energie

noch Ernst genug um zu handeln; trotz des ergangenen Heerrufs hatten sich nur sechzehn Fahnen unter einem Ritter namens Baudricour gesammelt und, da kein Geld in dem königlichen Schatze war, drohten die besten Söldner wegen rückständigen Lohns mit Abzug. Doch als die Not ihren Höhepunkt erreicht hatte, nahte die Rettung in der Person eines von der Jungfrau Maria berufenen Hirtenmädchens, Johanna d'Arc. Die Heilige befahl ihr, Frankreich zu retten und den König zu Rheims zu krönen, und rüstete sie mit himmlischer Kraft aus. Johanna stellte sich dann plötzlich an die Spitze der Soldaten Baudricours und unter ihrer begeisternden Anführung besiegten sie die große Übermacht der sie umringenden Feinde. Die Jungfrau eilte zum König und es gelang ihr, ihn von ihrer göttlichen Mission zu überzeugen und ihn aus seiner Pflichtvergessenheit herauszureißen. Begeistert folgten die Franzosen der Jungfrau und ihrer weißen Fahne und erfochten Siege über Siege, während die feindlichen Soldaten in jeder Schlacht voll Schrecken und Entsetzen vor der ungewohnten Erscheinung flohen und zuletzt Frankreich auf immer verlassen mußten. Die englischen Generale glaubten nicht an den himmlischen Beruf der Jungfrau; sie gaben dem Aberglauben und der Feigheit ihrer Soldaten die Schuld an den schmählichen Niederlagen. Schiller verherrlicht in dieser Tragödie den Idealismus und läßt denselben über den ungläubigen Materialismus triumphieren, denn obwohl Johanna ihren Tod in einer Schlacht findet, so ist sie doch die eigentliche Siegerin und hat ihren Auftrag ausgeführt, und

„Kurz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die Freude."

Noch ein letzter großer Genuß ist uns für die letzten Monate unseres Schulbesuches in Aussicht gestellt: die Lektüre von „Minna von Barnhelm", des trefflichen Lessing, von dem wir schon aus der Literaturgeschichte wissen, daß er den Klassikern für ihre Saat den Boden bereitet hatte.

—F. Walther.

AURORA.

BEHOLD, AURORA! goddess of the dawn, as she rises early from her golden couch on the Eastern Ocean to wend her way through the sky on her daily mission to draw aside the purple clouds of darkness, and to proclaim to mortals the rising of day. Reflecting the bright light which surrounds her, enveloped in a saffron-colored mantle, her graceful arms and fingers in ruddy glow, her gleaming hair tossed by the gentle breezes, she ushers in her golden chariot of the sun. Inlaid with precious jewels, throwing light in many directions, drawn by four milk-white steeds and attended by seven hours, this chariot keeps up with the rapid pace of Aurora as she sprinkles the earth with fresh dewey flowers and pours over the world the golden glory of the morning heavens.

In the years to come, may we, the Class of Ninety-Nine, keep this beautiful picture in mind, and the thought of Aurora's mission in our hearts. We are now in the morning of our lives; and as this goddess heralded the day, we, surrounded by brightness, are ushering in the twentieth century which brings with it the future years of our lives and all their uncertainties and possibilities, for right or for wrong. But why should a wrong deed or thought enter our lives when our instructors have labored so earnestly to place lofty ideals before us? May we keep these in view, and by enobling our own spirits, strive to accomplish deeds that will strengthen the way of rights throughout the world.

Undoubtedly thoughts enter the minds of all that the world will not forever be as bright as it is now. When such times come, we shall remember that gloomy night followed Aurora; yet she again came forth bright and happy, to bring joy and pleasure to the weary mortals of earth. Life's transient sorrows will also pass away and a calm and serene happiness succeed.

Each morn brought a task to Aurora upon which she entered with joy and gladness always at the appointed time. We should endeavor to let no moment be lost, but to do our duty in such a way that each day shall be more full, more beautiful, more useful, than the last.

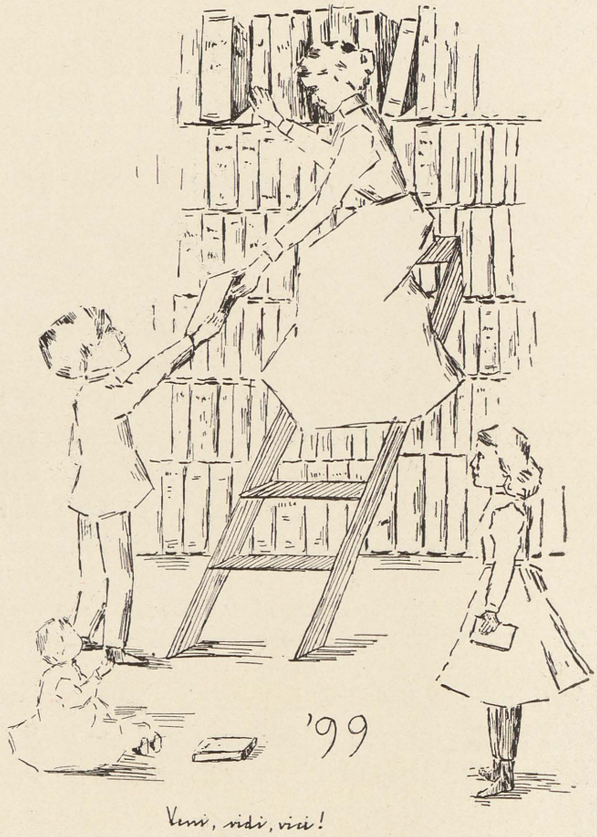
"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Let us not be satisfied with the knowledge that we now have, but ever strive for something higher and nobler. May we expel gloom and darkness from our own minds, while we thrust aside all ignorance and enlighten the paths of others with whom we come in contact.

As Aurora was always bright and radiant, so let us be. Wherever we go, never cast gloom or shadow about us; let kind and noble deeds be the bright flowers that we scatter in the paths of our fellow-men. Make it a pleasure to bring a light heart and words of comfort to those who are in sorrow or affliction. The goddess of the dawn had a passion for all things beautiful and often took possession of them. We also, if we choose, may cultivate a taste for only the beautiful, the noble, the true. If we shut out all mean base thoughts from our minds and hearts, surely no one can help but gain from having once met us.

As we leave this impressive picture, let thoughts of Aurora's work and well performed duty inspire each day of our lives. Every task that comes to us will then be done with a light heart and unwavering spirit. And at length we shall find that we have not only effected our own characters but have helped in bettering humanity.

Adeline Christopher.



Veni, vidi, vici!

SENIOR

CLASS OF '99.

Colors: Dark Blue and Old Gold.

Yell: Chick-a-runk, go-runk, go-rine,
East Side High School, '99.

Motto: Non scholæ, sed vitæ discimus.

OFFICERS.

President—Ernest May.
Vice-President—Louise Smith.
Secretary—Arthur R. Treanor.
Treasurer—Harry M. Comins.

Members. Classical Course.

Adeline Christopher
Harry Comins
Mary Cowell
Edward Delano
Lydia Gallagher
Donna Hill
Ernest May
Georgina Palmer
Esther Smith
Helen Stevens
Arthur Treanor
Myrtle Wallis

Latin Course.

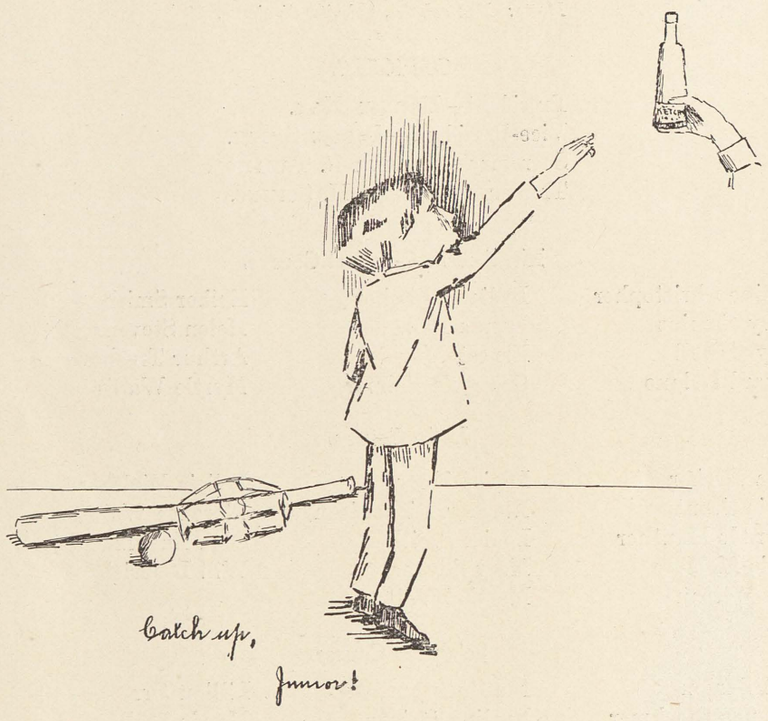
Viola Becker
Bessie Grant
Gertrude Mautner
Lottie McHose
May Moreau
Louise Moore
Eleanor Richardson
Louise Smith
Mary Stewart
Marshal Vallette
Felicia Walther
Florence Walz
Olga Zuehlke
Will Loebrich

Scientific Course.

Fred Barton
Clarence Blackmer
Tom Briggs
Gertrude Enright
Ina Gast
Eveline Golson
Mabel Millar
Hattie Minor
Lillian Orr
Maude Scollen
Fred Sheriff
Robert Wyek

General Course.

Mabel Colcleugh
Anna Dieter
Lucy Edget
Vernie Eldred
Chas. Hack
Gartrude Hawkins
Cora Hinkley
Ethel Kendrick
Alice Morrell
Ora Murphy
Harriet Nason
Lora Stover
Hortense Wingett



JUNIOR

CLASS OF '00.

Yell—1900, Zis, Boom, Bah,
East Side High School, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Colors—Maize and Light Blue.

Officers:

President—Norman Rupp.
Vice-President—Alma Wandschneider.
Secretary—Georgia Lalonde.
Treasurer—Addison Aldrich.
Critic—Frank E. Bastian.
Marshal—Esther Stewart.

Members.

Addison Aldrich
Cora Albers
Frank Bastian
Percy Brookins
Claude Biggam
Lillian Blight
Herman Block
Maude Bowen
Laura Boyer
Gertrude Camp
Myrtle Chestnut
Charles Cogswell
Viola Cremer
Anna Bliss
Grace Bartlett
Mabel Donely
Harry Davis
Walter Defoe
Wm. Densham
May Enright
Frank Emerson
Susie Farmer
Alma Franklin
George Feige
Carrie Fuerstenau
Aimee Feige
Anna Fraser
Lillian Galbraith
Louis Germain
Myrtle Hatswell
Maggie Houlihan
Clarence Hayes
Max Heavenrich
Laura Heaysman
Erle Hanks
Lizzie Haehsler
Arthur Heavenrich
Cora Hinkley
Jessie Holden
Claudia Jordan
Cora Janes
Allison King
Anna King
Alfred Kerns
Wm. Kaufman
Frank Lash
Lillie Lenhoff
Nettie Lindsay
Georgie Lalonde
Mamie Lee
Charles Lee
Nita Meyer
Frank Marshall
Charles Martin
Edith McLeod
Bennie Mosser
Harry Montgomery
Clara Mickey
Hattie Miner
Eva Mautner
Sadie McCarty
Will McBeth
Hasell Madigan
Alice Merrill
Maggie McBeth
Alice McKey
Lizzie McLeod
Ella Morgan
Mary Mowry
Ara Munson
Henry Newman
Nellie Pattinson
Roy Pendell
Gertrude Porter
Charles Peters
Edna Qualman
Norman Rupp
Clara Rademacher
Lulu Robinson
Hoyt Smart
Ida Spinning
Sadie Smith
Clair Smith
Esther Stewart
Mavde Teal
Lulu Thomas
Wm. Toole
Reve Truesdale
Homer Toms
Abbie Walker
Christian Winters
Abbie Williamson
Russell Wallace
Cora Winston
Otto Wallace
Georgia Wiggins
Vincent Weadock
Alma Wandschneider

SOPHOMORE

CLASS OF '01.

Colors : Orange and Green.

Officers:

President—Ray Kendrick.
Vice President—Grace Burton.
Secretary—Eva Hodgins.
Treasurer—Hattie Feahr.
Marshal—W. L. Whitney.

Members.

Frankie Bamford,
Frank Baille,
Wallace Black,
Blythe Beckrow,
Clayton Brown,
Grace Burton,
Nellye Birss,
Helen Brooks,
Bessie Bush,
Davitt Barry,
Minnie Brown,
Alice Burt,
Rudolph Beckrow,
Hattie Burtch,
Irene Bruske,
Alden C. Bower,
Dora Clinkofstine,
Helen Coates,
Lillie Cummiford,
Ida Claugh,
Edla Connely,
John Connely,
Mollie Carpenter,
May Crosby,
Maude Davidson,
Marion Delend,
Bartley Davitt,
Ruby Donley,
Carrie Dubey,
Frank Davey,
Harry Davis,
Hammond Elsemore,
Effa Ellis,
May Egan,
Lizette Eastman,
Hazel Fisher,
Ethel Francis,
Louise Fodey,
Florence Ferguson,
Louis Feahr,
Arthur Floyd,
Hattie Feahr,
Anna Finlay,
Joseph Gerhart.
LaVergne Gardner,
William Gallagher.
Laura Gallagher,
Louise Grinell,
Nettie Grant,
Gertrude Granville,
Abigail Gue,
Frank Greene,
Matie Hoyt,
Edward Holzheimer,
Eva Hodgins,
Miriam Harrison,
Harry Hatswell,
May Heavenrich,
Walter Hitchcock,
Mattie Hyde,
Edith Healey,
Katie Healey,
Floyd Horning,
George Harder,
Deveraux Hill,
Grace Holahan,
Lola Hill,
George Hoppe,
Belle Johnson,
Della Jacques,
Anthony Johnson,
Maude Johnson,
Eva Johnson,
Etta Kerchenwitz,
Ray Kendrick,
Ethel Keeler,
William Kerns,
Mattie Koehler,
Louis Kleiss,
Cecilia Kenny,
Alma Koeppen,
James Kenney,
Willie Kaufmann,
Jessie Laible,
Louis Laney,
Russell Lyon,
Maude Lee,
Ida Lambert,
Blanche Lee,
Minnie Lange,
Nellie Lawrence,
Anna Lovitz,
Andrew Leach,
Grace Moore,
Florence McKnight,
Sara McHale,
Ella Muehler,
Lorette McCann,
Will McNalley,
Stella Marshall,
Mary McDonald,
Mollie McHughes,
Winnifred Marskey,
Stuart Morley,
Anna Marx,
Ruth Marden,
Maude Martin,
Mabel Moxley,
Emma McClenan,
Ed. McLeod,
Ralph Marshall,
Cora Merritt,
Robert McCutcheon,
Mary McRae,
Mae Rodeville,
Daisy North,
Burrell Neuman,
Rose Owens,
Harvey Ostrander,
Mathilda Prottenguier,
Edna Prochnow,
Lola Perry,
Lela Perry,
Ralph Pierson,
Robert Pauli,
James Phillips,
Anna Putnum,
James Passmore,
Alice Raines,
Ara Richardson,
Lena Rosenberry,
Amelia Ruff,
Lila Ryan,
Clara Riedas,
May Russell,
Roera Roman,
Maner Sager,
Grace A. Sample,
Lulu Sanborn,
Elsa Schwemer,
Bessie Shea,
Burt Sheriff,
Edna Shurtleff,
Mamie Skillen.
Emma Seymour,
May Smith,
Harry Spaulding,
Celia Stolz,
Blondinea Struck,
Villa Sweetwood,
Nellie Sweeney,
Gertrude Seymour,
Henry Schroeder,
Don Smith,
Rosabel Surerem,
Olga Smith,
Charles Sparling,
Alma Schmuch,
Fred Smith,
Lillian Smith,
Louis Thomas,
Mabel Tuomey,
Robert Thompssn,
George Thompson,
Mamie Taylor,
Earmia Thomas,
Nellie Toll,
Nellie Vance,
Sollye Ward,
Clara Wiggins,
Isabella Willox,
Mabel Wisner,
Ida Weideman,
Victor Walthus,
George Waltz,
Wesley Winkler,
Mamie Walters.
Maud Whalen,
Mary Walthus,
Nellie Witters,
Willie Wheeler,
Ida Whelan,
Sara Wilson,
Edna Young,
Minnie Zaneb,
Ellen Zwerk,
Geo. Zuckermandel,
Steven Zacharias,
Clara Zwerk.

Last but not least

FRESHMAN

CLASS OF '02.

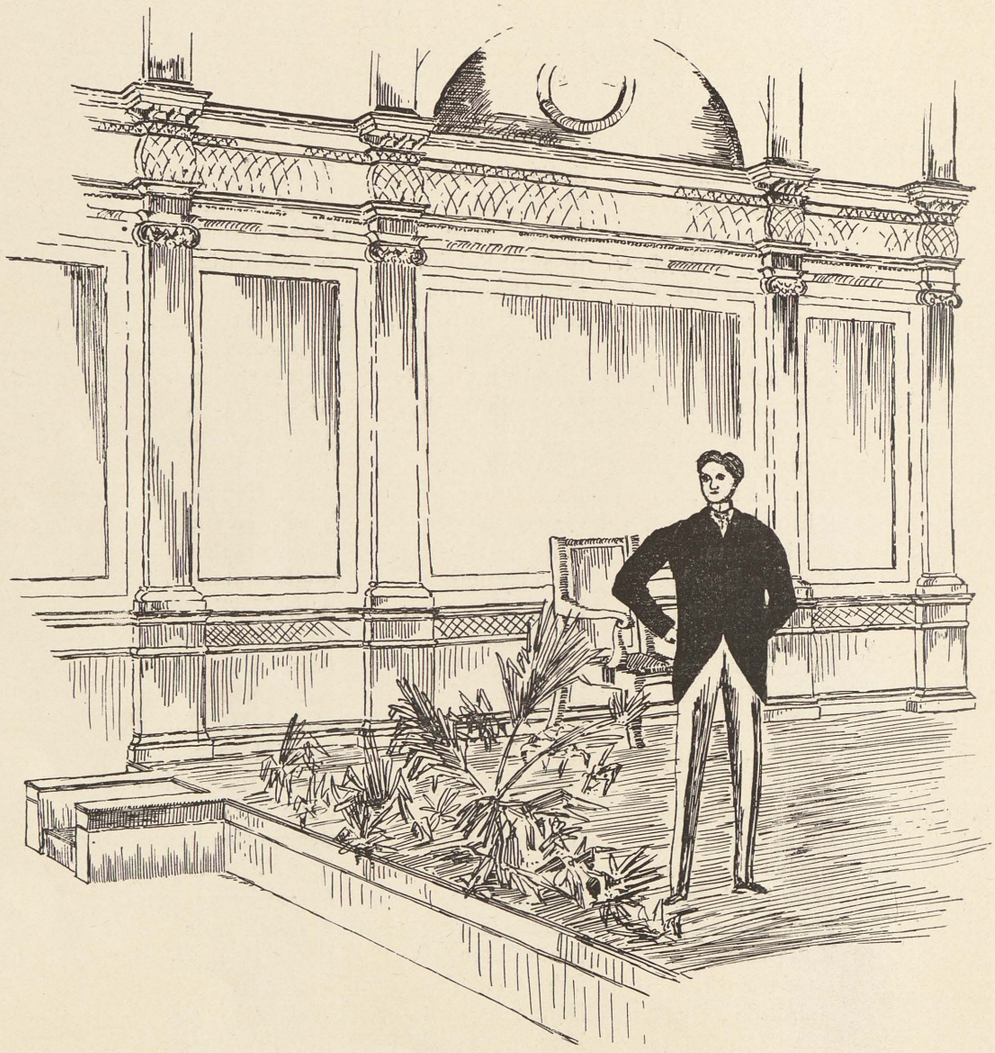
Colors : Light Green and Dark Green.

Officers:

President—Lawrence Linton.
Vice President—Bessie Prall.
Secretary—Alfred Higgins.
Treasurer—George Newton.

Members.

George Adams,
Floyd Alcorn,
Raymond Albee,
Courtney Allington,
Amy Anderson,
Clara Anders,
Mamie Anders,
Emma Arnold,
Alberta Atwood,
Charles Austin,
John Aven,
Nellie Avery,
Edith Baillie,
Leslie Baum.
Melville Brooks,
Gilbert Baker,
Inez Bamford,
Minnie Bauman,
George Beckrow,
Earl Bissonette,
Mabel Bitterman,
George Black,
Florence Blackmer,
Laura Bogardus,
Gladys Brewster,
Winnifred Brooks,
Fred Bronson,
Katie Burt,
Bessie Bush,
Ralph Camber,
Ada Camp,
Mollie Carpenter,
Robert Casey,
Bernice Chamberlain,
Cassie Chestnut,
Georgia Cliff,
Sadie Clinkofstine,
Ida Clough,
Helen Coates,
Randall Colvin,
Fred Conzelman,
Bessie Courtright,
Jessie Courtright,
Elizabeth Cowell,
Maybelle Crosby,
Mabel Daus,
Gussie Doran,
Fred Douer,
Carrie Dubey,
William Duggan,
Rose Eysloff,
Fanny Elsemore,
Julia Emery,
Alice Ewald,
Hattie Feahr,
Marie Ferguson,
Anna Finley,
Benson Fisher,
Arthur Fixel,
Louise Fuenston,
Dorothy Fuerstenau,
Harold Gage,
Wilbur Gage,
Irene Galbraith,
John Gallagher,
Florence Goodrich,
Fenella Gramlich,
Alfred Higgins,
Lillian Hodges,
Georgia Hughes,
Grace Hurst,
Roy Jennings,
George Jenness,
Mamie Johnson,
Stanley Kent,
Luella Kurtz,
Will Lash,
Lawrence Linton,
Ella McCabe,
Frank McCann,
Kittie McCoy,
Tom McFerran,
Jane McCollough,
Alex. McKinney,
Fred McKinney,
Emma McNicoll,
Stella Marshall.
Allie Martindale,
Lena Meckoliczik,
Cora Milne,
Kittie Miner,
Minnie Mulholland,
Lucy Murray,
Clara Mutscheller,
Josie Needham,
George Newton,
Ray Nickoll,
Alfred Pearn,
Frank Plumb,
Frank Ruckert,
Victor Sager,
Walter Stingel,
Blanche Symons,
Mabel Terwilliger,
Susie Thompson,
Ida Wyant,
Will Wheeler,



LYCEUM

SAGINAW HIGH SCHOOL LYCEUM.

Organized 1888.

Colors—Royal Purple and White.

Officers:

President—Christian Winter.
Vice President—Walter A. Defoe.
Secretary—Addison Aldrich.
Treasurer—Edward Delano.
Critic—Clayton Brown.
Marshal—George Walz.

Members.

'99.

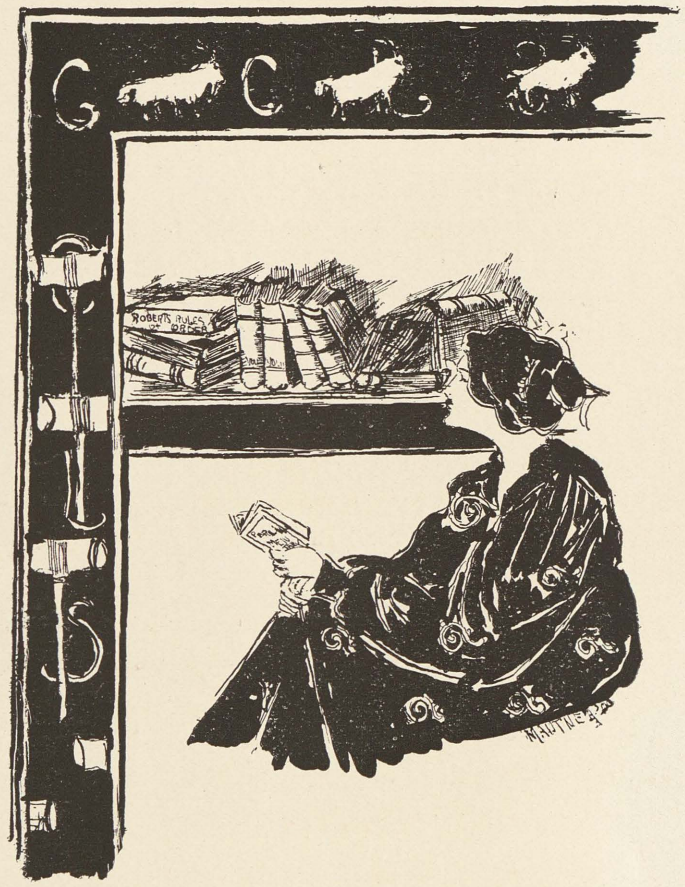
Fred Barton,
Clarence Blackmer,
H. M. Comins,
Edward Delano,
Chas. Hack,
Alfred Kerns,
Ora Murphy,
Arthur R. Treanor,

'00.

Addison Aldrich,
Frank Bastian,
Perry Brookins,
Herman Block,
Harry Davis,
Walter Defoe,
Will Densham,
Frank Emerson,
George Feige,
Louis Germain,
Arthur Heavenrich,
Max Heavenrich,
Will Kaufman,
Chas. Lee,
Ben Mosser,
Norman Rupp,
Will Toole,
Homer Toms,
Otto Walther,
Christian Winter,
Vincent Weadock,

'01.

Wallace Black,
Clayton Brown,
Rudolph Beckrow,
Joseph Gerhart,
Will Gallagher,
Harry Hatswell,
Ray Kendrick.
Russell Lyons.
Don Smith,
George Walz,
Wesley Winkler,



GIRLS' COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

OFFICERS OF THE G. C. L. S.

President—Miss Louise Smith.
Vice-President—Miss Georgia LaLonde.
Secretary—Miss Nita Meyer.
Treasurer—Miss Matilda Prottengeier.
Critic—Miss Georgia Palmer.
Marshal—Miss Susie Farmer.

The object of this society is to assist its members to acquire literary ability, to train them in parliamentary law, and in extemporaneous speaking.

During the past year, the G. C. L. S. has completed a very successful study of German History and Literature, talks on parliamentary law have taken place, debates and discussions of current events have been encouraged, while improvement is noticed in every line, and great success is evident.

DELTA IOTA.

ALPHA.

YELL—Zis, Boom! Bah!
Zis, Boom! Bah!
Delta Iota,
Alpha.

COLORS—Red and Black.

Officers:

L.—EDWARD GRANVILLE.
S. L —LEET B. DENTON.
S. S.—KENNETH MCLEOD.
S. A.—CHARLES MARBLE.
S. W.—JOHN LYONS.

Fraters:

Leet B. Denton (a),
Frank Egan (b),
Ed Granville (a),
Barron F. Greiner (a),
James A. Griggs (a),
Ed Holzheimer (a),
John Lyons (a),
Chas. Marble (a),
Lionel H. Marshal (b),
Ernest May (b),
Kenneth McLeod (a),
Will F. Nichols (b),
Arthur R. Treanor (b),
Frank C. Marshall (c),

LAMBDA SIGMA.

Delta.

Organized.—Oct. 12, 1892.

YELL.—Si Rickity—Bickity—Bah!
Lambda Sigma—
Pah—Who—Buh—Delta.

COLORS.—Light Blue and White.

Fraters.

'99.

Fred E. Sheriff (s), Harry Goseline (s),
Ernest May (c), Geo. Grant Jr. (s),

'00.

Chas. A. Peters Jr.
Norman Rupp (L), Harry S. Montgomery (s),

'01.

Frank Baillie (s), Burt Sheriff (s),
Burt Davitt (s),

'02.

John Sample (L),
Lawrence Linton (s), Roger Hill (s),

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE SAGINAW HIGH SCHOOL.

COLORS.—Black and Gold.

YELL.—Een—dica—deen—dica—fada—dica—fum—
Ee—bibi—boba—ee—biba—boba—
Gada—een—dica—deen—dica—jada—dica—gum—
Saginaw High School,
Zis! Rah! Boom!
Saginaw ! ! !

Officers.

President—Harrison M. Randall.
Vice-President—Chas. Peters.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. W. Heavenrich.
Sergeant-at-Arms—E. C. Warriner.
Manager Base Ball Team—Harrison M. Randall.
Manager Foot Ball Team—Leet B. Denton.
Manager Track Athletics—Tom E. Briggs.

STATISTICS

	DISPOSITION.	STRONG POINTS.	FAILING.	LIKES MOST.	HATES MOST.	FAVORITE BOOK.
BARTON,	Queer	Bluffing	Time	Miss Zahner	Barton	Peck's Bad Boy
BLACKMER,	O. K.	Magnetism	Golf Stockings	South Saginaw	Notoriety	Police Gazette
BECKER,	Steady	Thoroughness	Latin Derivations	"Ben Bolt"	Nothing	Classical Dictionary
CHRISTOPHER,	Haughty	Chin	"That Matter"	Church	Teasing	Ideals of Life
COWELL,	Mild	Ancestors	Cyrano Chains	Admiration	Mice	Fickle Yet True
COMINS,	Sober	Orations	His Frown	Lyceum	Lambda Sigma	Roberts' Rules of Order
DELANO,	Droll	Geometry	That Tired Feeling	Vacation	Work	Dream Life
ELDRED,	Flirty	Bracelets	Her Hair	Which One	Rainy Weather	How To Become Popular
EDGETT,	Flighty	Bridgeport	Primping	Auburn Curls	Sarcasm	Love Affairs of an Old Maid
ENRIGHT,	Accomodating	Coupes	Absolutely None	Mr. W.'s Geo'try Class	Clam Bakes	Rag Time Medleys
GRANT,	Middling	Her Face	Dimples	Chapel	Small Boys	Mirror's "Art of Posing"
KERNS,	Jolly	Teasing	Curls	The Girls	Studying	Life of An Athlete
HILL,	Excitable	Gestures	Tears	Miss Eddy	Absence	Our Boys
HACK,	Soft	—?	Oratory	His Dinner	Keeley Cure	Base Ball Guide
HAWKINS,	Prim	Curl Papers	Back Bone	Her Violin	Miss Eddy's Frown	Not Like Other Girls
MAY,	Ex Conspectu	Class Pins	Height	50 Years of Europe	A Cycle of Cathay	The First Violin
MAUTNER,	Angelic	Essays	Bay Port	G. C. L. S.	Criticism	Heavenly Twins
McHOSE,	Easy	Sunday School	Long Words	Dictionary	Geometry Tests	Book of Psalms
MOORE,	Sentimental	Cribbing	Curling Irons	Black	Parties	Vanity Fair
PALMER,	Sweet	Her Knife	Whispering (?)	S. V. M. C.	Idleness	A Good Girl
RICHARDSON,	Happy	Smiles	Hearts	Several	Anti-Fat	"Dutch" Dictionary
SCOLLEN,	Pleasant	Bluffing	Her Tongue	Talking	Medicine	The Art of Conversing
STOVER,	Good	Music	Borrowing Books	"Kings Daughters"	High Collars	Someone Else's
STEWART,	Humorous	Her Picture	Port Austin	Short Pencils	Senior Lectures	Miscellaneous
E. SMITH,	Calm	Lunches	Hard To Tell	Poetry	Prose	——'s Poems
L. SMITH,	Constant,	Friends	Honesty	Ching	Chewing Gum	Our Late War
STEVENS,	Obstinate	Relations	Contradiction	Teachers	Opposition	Negroes of the South
TREANOR,	Animated	Honor	Fickleness	School (?)	1st Hour	Aurora, '99
VALLETTE,	Spooney	His Lungs	His Temper	Labors of Hercules	Trifling	Nick Carter
WALZ,	Quiet	Latin	Too Good	Studying	Mistakes	School Book
WYEK,	Subdued	His Plays	"That Rosy Hue"	K. of H.	Teasing	How I Had The Measles

daybreak

THE slumb'ring fields lie dank with heavy dew,
While shifting mists enrobe th' unfeeling soil;
Grim shadows gray, the sentinels of night,
With sleepy tread o'er rustic hillsides toil.

In silent triumph Day her herald sends
To grapple with time-thieving night---shy Dawn;
Her flashing car whirls gaily from the East,
Expectant for the fray---but night has gone.

Mist-clouded fields are wakened into life,
The lonely worker ploughs the sweating clay;
The fresh-turned soil beholds the shield of morn
Which Nature silent worships.---It is Day!

evening

The half-tilled fields oppressed with noontides' heat
Are left, alone. The weary worker sighs,
And plodding cottageward he joys to see
The wind-kissed wheat bend low before his eyes.

A quiet hush is on the lowland meads,
The singing bees, who toil with pleasure wed,
Have sacked the tender buds, and with their spoil
Reel home with sleepy wings to drowsy bed.

The bleating lambs are quieted, the kine
With gentle lowing seek contented rest.
The brown-throat thrush has left her trilling note
And warms the helpless darlings in her nest.

The fiery train of Phoebus' car sinks low,
And Earth is shrouded from his kindly light;
Night's coward, cringing guardsmen slink and fade
Into the clinging darkness.---It is Night!

—Ernest May.

THE FACULTY.

IF you whisper in the hall-way,
If you whisper on the stair,
Passing to or from your classes,
You will always find him there.
All at once in twenty places
Is this principal so rare.

In the session room another
Makes us hold our tongues in fear,
For we never dare to whisper
When our teacher's form is near.
But though we are good, each morning
First a lecture we must hear.

In our Greek we have a teacher
Whom we know just how to treat.
Let her tell us about college
When her questions we can't meet.
In her room each morning early,
Someone says there's too much heat.

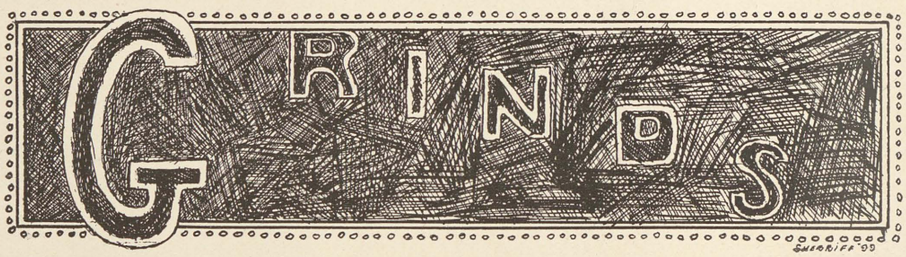
Then a better half she has, though
Less than half he seems to me;
Science he can teach full well, and
Make his pupils clearly see
Reasons for each law so deep, but
Problems hard they cannot flee.

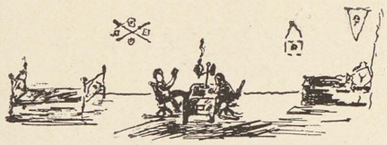
She who English to us teaches
Satan greatly doth admire,
Though through him our ancient parents
Fell into such error dire,
She is full of telling gestures,
And her knights may rouse her ire.

Trembling all from head to foot, we
Now approach Geom'try class;
Much depends upon our teacher;
If she frowns, we fail, alas!
No one knows till marks are given
Whether he is going to pass.

Then we have a German Herr, who
Loves well to "philosophize
On lady suffrage;" words ne'll coin
And show himself to be quite wise.
While in the sophomore session room
Is one who chemistry defies.

These are not all, but you can see
That quite a faculty have we.
And don't you think, with such to lead,
We should grow very wise indeed?


GRINDS



GRINDS.

A PRAYER.

Gentle readers, kindly allow us to call your attention, etc., to a few attempts at sportive comecry. We hope we have not said anything that will cause us to be sandbagged on some dark night. We have only been working under the principle that

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

We confess that we have not always handled our victims with gloves, and are mighty glad that we have the say ourselves in this peculiarly constructed department of the glorious "Aurora."

Yet we are not entirely to blame. We handed original jokes and others to the editor-in-chief. This young genius, probably thinking that we had grinds to throw away, let most of our bright sayings gently approach the waste basket, and published the others. So if any of these explosive grinds resemble you in any way, don't direct your guns at us. Our important and independent editor took the responsibility upon himself in allowing them to be printed. For our own exoneration, and fearing your wrath, we explain this clearly.

Hoping that our friends will not desert us at this great crisis, and hoping that you will all continue to breathe till the discontinuation of your existence, we remain,

Humitryingly ourselves,
M. Twain (Stewart).
B. Nye (Wyek).

Hello, are we ready? All right, the music!

Our motto: Laugh and grow fat.

To cultivate a sense of laughter, read these comicalities.

? ? ?'s.

Why is a teacher?

Song, Why don't you get an Aurora of your own? (To the tune of 50 cents).

Why didn't the chemistry spread take place?

Why does Miss Fairchild think that a whisper disturbs the class in front when they can't hear it?

Complaint of a Senior After Chapel.

What have we done, O janitor, janitor,
Why must we suffer such heat?
Do you punish us now, that in the hereafter
Our doom we won't have to meet?
Or think you that like our pious Aeneas
We twice wish those regions to greet?

Seven Wonders of the High School.

Mr. Randall's Boldness.
Miss Zahner's Eastern Accent.
Miss Fairchild's Purple Tie.
Miss Hooker's Severity.
Mr. Warriner's Hatred of Slang.
Miss Hench's Examinations.
Mr. Whitney's Thoroughness.

Herr Wolf—"Murphy, komm her," So Murphy borrowed my comb.

Lou Smith—"The personal attendance of the dead man is necessary."

A member of the Astronomy Class was reading about the Umbra and Penumbra. Goseline wanted to know "what they were sticking all that Botany in for!"

Mr. Warriner—"When I was a boy they used to have centaurs on the covers of almanacs."

Louise Moore—"Oh, yes, I remember!"

Professional Card.
The Champions of Oratory.
The two Karls—Schurz and Hack.

Mr. Warriner—"What does 'noisome' mean?"

Lou—"Noisy."

Mr. Warriner—"Now, that's a good joke!"

Blackmer can be seen rushing through the halls most any day humming "Just One Girl."

I. Gast that he liked her, but still Ina appeared somewhat anxious.

Miss Fairchild—"Well, have you studied your lessons since the last time?"

One would think by their actions that the juniors are an ambitious set of animals.

A devilish job—To write an essay on Satan.

What we can get to eat at intermission, and the usual method of devouring it:

From Otto and the girls—Sausage and bonbons.

From Harris and the girls—Doughnuts and chewing gum.

From Loranger's—Dyspepsia tablets and Jamaica Ginger.

Appropriate Class Flowers.

Freshman—Branch of Pussy Willows.
Soph—A String of Garlic.
Junior—A bunch of Grass.
Senior—A Thornless Rose.

Mrs. Randall (while class were scanning the Iliad): "There, Mr. Treanor, stand up and stick to your feet better!"

Miss Zahner—"What is the gender of this word?"

Bessie—"Masculine?"

Miss Z—"No."

Bessie—"Neuter."

Miss Z—"No. Who knows the gender of this word?"

Voice in the rear (brightly)—"Feminine!"

We wish to thank the juniors for their kind and effectual advertisement of the '99 Aurora, in the beautiful little paper which they published. Never before has an Aurora been so well advertised. Although we know they might have been more original, still we recognize in their work the old adage: "To imitate is the sincerest flattery." We feel ourselves none the less indebted. As a safeguard to the other classes, we advise them to have all their printing matter copyrighted, or the '00 kleptomaniacs will borrow them.

Miss Hench---"I suppose you all read "Gulliver's Travel's" when you were children."

Nellie (reflectively)---"Yes, last year."

Don'ts.

Don't laugh loudly. You might disturb the artists who are at work on another page.

C. Winters. For your own sake, don't lay claim to the Irish throne.

Don't laugh at these jokes unless you want to. What do we care? Miss Richardson will.

C. Hack. Don't let your ambitions get the better of your poor judgment.

"Ching" Rosenthal. "Ye Gods, I grow a talker!"

Miss Richardson (while writing the prophecy): "Which is the right thing to say, 'the works of her' or "the works of she?'"

Puzzle: Which of his throats did Cerberus use in eating the sop the Sibyl threw? Reward offered for the best answers sent in before the Ides of June.

Mr. Warriner (during "why" contest)---"I'm two in the hole!"

Casualities.

A baseball struck Barton upon the head and straightened one of his legs.

Curley Kerns underwent a delicate operation, having had his hair dissected.

Chas. Birss left school because the chemistry spread failed to materialize. Great feeder, that boy.

A serious one. N. Rupp took first place in the oratorical contest. Bids in for the largest hat in the market.

Polite Freshie---"The sirens were three ladies," etc.

Mrs. Randall (translating Greek, and looking at Ned, who had made a poor recitation)---"O, I would there were very many more like you!"

Wanted in Room 2.

A mouse trap.

A phonograph for scoldings.

A few more tinkling bracelets to make music all the day.

A few more history reference books.

Some of those Lost Paradises.

Smiles from the Sky.

Why is the sun so popular among the stars?
Because it is the "warmest baby in the bunch."

Why does the sky weep in the spring?
Because the moon is full.

"Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?"
O, it's just that new bell in the hall.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
Mr. Warriner's office.

Miss Fairchild—"If you are not here on time, you are tardy."

Miss Hench—"Where is hell?"

Miss L. S.—"Where man is, there is Hell."

1. "What's "Paradise Lost" about?
2. Oh, the devil!

Vernie Eldred (translating French)—"The cow was the color of cabbage soup"

Alfred Spouse—"Let me tarry awhile before the glass."

Miss Fairchild—"Let us have all the noise of the lips stopped." See Hebrews xiii, 8.

Susie Thompson---"It is noble to be nothing." We hope that Susie will gain ambition as she grows taller.

Mr. Peters (who was behind in stenography dictation)---"What was that last part?" Miss Bronson (blushing)---"I am yours."

We wish to call before the notice of the public a remarkable book lately published by the Riff Raff Co., N. Y. It is appropriately called "The Slaughter of the Innocents," and written (also appropriately) by Martha Eddy. It will make your blood run cold (for one dollar), and is worth perusal.

The happy (?) juniors who received appointments are "Pauci, quos aequus amant Juppiter aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus." If you find this too heavy reading, just skip it.

Mr. Randall (to his Physics class)---"If a person stood at the equator of the earth, he would travel in one day thousands of miles. Now, if he stood at the north pole, what would he do?"

Chorus---"Freeze."

Ernest May's conception of the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as others would have you do to them."

"Miss Muma"---"Never let a May go by without knowing what it is."

Wanted: A new coachman; must be stylish, have the "Gelt," and a team of fast horses. Apply, Bessie Grant.

SENIORS, TEACHERS AND OTHERWISE.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

A. Treanor---He was a mortal of the careless kind, with no great love for learning or the learned.

Mr. Randall---O, ye Gods ! Render me worthy of this noble wife !

F. Walz---She made the cleverest people quite ashamed.

G. Mautner---So tender of rebukes that words were strokes, and strokes death to her.

F. Barton---He had an air of innocence (?)

L. Smith---Good without pretense, blessed with plain reason, and with sober sense.

E. Richardson---'Tis the greatest folly,
Not to be jolly ;
That's what I think.

Miss Gray---Fixed was her look, and stern her air.

L. Gallagher---The same calm, quiet look she had.

E. Smith---What's in a name.

A. Christopher---Rise, with thy bearing proud and high.

M. Cowell---A maiden never bold.

E. May---I'faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well-read.

G. Grant and Miss Eddy---Sae merry as we twa hae been.

A. Dieter---The crimson glow of modesty o'erspread her cheek.

Miss Merrill---Thou wert ever the best-natured kindest woman in the world.

D. Hill---Wherefore sigh,
And wipe effeminate thine eye?

O. Murphy---He seems a modest youth.

B. Grant---Yes, she was fair.

Miss Fairchild---A weary lot is thine, fair maid.

E. Weale---Silence, maiden, thy tongue outruns thy discretion.

The Freshmen---Fragile beginnings of a mighty end.

V. Becker---Trust me, she has an excellent heart.

M. Scollen---Speak less lightly and wantonly, friend.

Miss Hooker---Yet do I fear thy nature is too full of the milk of human kindness.

G. Palmer---A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow.

L. Eastman---There was a something which bespoke command, as one who was a lady in the land.

S. Ward---Her voice was ever soft and low.

H. Comins---He is wise though he is grave.

H. Stevens---Whether it was she did not see, or would not; or, like all very clever people, could not.

L. Edgett---Such is your cold coquette.

G. Hawkins---An upright young lady.

In English Class---We do sugar o'er the devil himself.

L. Moore's Hair---Topsy-turvey, twisted, crisped and curled.

G. Tyler---I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Mr. Whitney---But what have I with love to do?
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.

A. Kerns---Hearty is his laugh and jovial his song.

V. Eldred---Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall. But a new mingling of them all.

M. Heavenrich---Then he will talk---good gods, how he will talk !

F. Walther---So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste.

The Fifth Hour---Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar.

E. Kendrick---I am by promise tied.

L. Foster---Had sighed to many, tho' he loved but one.

H. Goseline---He was a sweet boy.

G. Sample---Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

M. Miller---Be not so very positive, my lady.

W. Labrich---Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

E. C. W.---Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.

Class of '99---Most potent, grave and reverend signiors.

M. Stewart. } It would not become ourselves
R. Wyek. } to dwell upon our own merits.

A MOUSE IN MISS F—'S ROOM.

IN the session room one morning
While Miss F— a class directs,
And the busy seniors study,
Someone a wee mouse detects.

Such commotion 'mong the Freshmen,
Such a running to an' fro;
Tho' Miss F— did not dare touch it,
Still they could not let it go,

When before her desk it hastens,
Back with a lifted skirt she goes,
And 'tis said one timid senior
Up onto her seat arose,

And at last poor mousie's captured,
All excitement now is o'er,
But the seniors will remember
That wee mousie on the floor.

THEATRICAL.

Warren Avenue Academy of Music, Writing, etc., Week commencing Saturday, Somemonth the steenth.

The High School Cadets will present the D-r-e-a-m-y, Startling ! ! Exhilarating Comedy, CINDA CINCH, adapted from the French by Us.

A sterling cast, embracing 30 artists, including those peerless advocates of comecry,

Mme. Teachette and Mr. Cyrano De Warnose.

Mme. Teachette and Mr. Cyrano De Warnose.

Note---A short explanation in regard to this stupendous, satirical production is necessitous, on account of the protests of a few.

The character, "Cinda Cinch," is impersonated by 19 different teachers at 19 different stages of the play. As they are about the same in all respects, it will make but little difference to the audience who enacts the leading role. Probably every individual in the audience will perceive before the comedy is very far advanced, that it is nothing more than a large whopper invented by two shining lights in that brilliant costellation humoristas, and ---and---the members of the company who are musically inclined will endeavor to relieve the monotony of the explanation.

Cast of Characters :

Cinda Cinch, a schoolmarm of little importance---Mme. Teachette.

Talkative De Bluff, a mere child---Madeline Scaldum.

Charles Dray, a coachman---Karl K. Hack.

Abe Hoosier, all the way from Granville---Ed.

Loie Serpentine, queen of the ballet---Laurette Stovette.

Miss Phoebus, a lecturer---Herself.

A. Cake of Ice, patented---Louis Foster.

Rubberneck, teacher's favorite---Mr. A. Hamlet Kerns.

Embalmed Beef, artistic burialist ; Rev. Free Beers, D. D.---T. Ingersoll Eagan Briggs.

Tragic Thespian, a Shakesperian student---F. Sheriff.

Mose, a knocker, 31339---Janitor.

A. Smooth Gent, a "Fin de Siecle" grafter---F. Barton.

Mme. Yale, an invalid---E. Lenore Golsen.

Nelle Grin---Miss E. Richardson.

A. Educated Ignoramus---H. Maxmouth.

Mr. E. Cyrano De Warnose as Sherlock Imitation, a detective, Students, Sausage Venders, and Loungers.

Synopsis : Time, when ? Locale, where ?

Act I. Scene I.---Office of Sherlock, 7:45 a. m. Majority of faculty missing. Sherlock discovers himself to be somewhat nervous. Partakes of a preparation for hesitation. A van suddenly wheels around the corner. Charles Dray alights and assists faculty into the airy atmosphere. Enter brass band, corps de ballet. Congratulation song and ballet. Exit. (Five minutes intermission between change of scenes). Scene II. 8 a. m. Session room No. 2. Enter class. Miss Phoebus arises and attempts to deliver her notorious lecture on "Whispers and Talk." Accidentally twists her tongue, causing 1,000 words to collide and spill out of her mouth. (Notice fast work by clock). Dramatically ends in pantomime. Nellie Grin smiles. Is sent home. Exit.

Scene III. Reception parlors of Cinda Cinch. Enter students. Tragic Thespian noisily delivers a desperate spiel. Enter Sherlock. Exit Tragic, via roof. A round of demonstrations, frosts, comicalities, etc. Large gong politely vibrates. Mme. Yale's heart vibrates in sympathy. Exit.

Act II. Scene I. Halls adjoining educational parlors on second floor. Enter H. S. Cadets to rehearse the "Cigarette Drill." Enter about 12 Cindas. Exit Cadets to session rooms by special request. Class in history reciting. A. Educated Ignoramus ??ing every topic under consideration. Cadets weary. Hum and groan. Sent home.

Scene II. Basement. Enter outcasts and form fatal fraternity, C. C. A. Exit. Enter Sherlock and Mose, his assistant; clever work a la Holmes. Exit.

Scene III. Street, 11 a. m. Enter teachers, students, venders, and corps de ballet. Song, ballets, and specialties.

Act III. Scene I. Educational parlors. Enter Cinda, looking "fierce." Enter class. Rubberneck holds his breath. Is dismissed. Enter A. Cake of Ice. A. Smooth Gent, in a clever manner, makes Cinda imagine it is cold. Abe Hoosier closes the windows. Mme. Yale is overcome by the intense heat. Talkative De Bluff reigns for 15 minutes and showers bluff after bluff upon the unsuspecting Cinda. More fun, demonstrations, quarrels, etc. Enter Sherlock. Brings about an understanding between faculty and class. Death of C. C. A. Enter Embalmed Beef and prepares corpse for burial.

Scene II. A cemetery. Enter funeral procession, 13 hacks introduced upon the stage. Distributor of weeping towels among fraternity agitators. Rev. Free Beers executes an eloquent sermon in rag time. Exit mourners to step of "Not a Coon Came Out the Way He Went In."

Scene III. Assembly Room. Enter 19 Cindas and 19 classes. Everything peaceful, all in a cheerful mood. Exercises conclude with extractions

from Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well." Exeunt.

Musical Synopsis :

Opening chorus of freshman class. "We wish the School Would Burn." Entrance song, one of the faculty, "Oh, I Am a Cinch." Declamation, Well, I Should Smile, Nelle Grin. Topical song and dance, by the Mad Soubrette, Nonne. Grand finale, March, "A Walk Away," entire company.

Act II. Opening chorus by class. Have a Care Misses Teacher. Rag Time Cinda, one of faculty. Dance of the Oysters, Loie Serpentine, and Corps De Ballet. Burlesque tragedy. Romeo and Juliet. Mme. Yale and Tragic Thespian. Misfitte Quartette. Monologue. A Frost in German. A. Smooth Gent. Grand Finale. Vocal and descriptive march. Let Astray, entire company.

Act III. Opening chorus. "Ta Ra Ra Hocus Pocus," introducing entire strength of company. Grand Opera, translated into Rag, C. C. R. Sextette. Demonstration, "A. Wise Gent," demonstrated by that eccentric creative comedian, E. C. W. Versatile knock-about englishists, Kerns and Barton will introduce funny sayings, accrobatic novelties, etc. Song, 'Zis Boom Hurrah Class '99,' by class '99.

Tableau representing 'Departure by '99,' closing chorus. '99 Class Song.

Misfitte Quartette.

1st Tenor, E. C. W. Baritone, Janitor.
2nd Tenor, S. S. Purdy, Basso, Herr Wolf.

Director and conductor of music, Herr Ernst Wolf, the eminent Base Drummist.

Note. All music incidental to the action of the play by Reginald DeBand.

Scenery by Walz & Sheriffhausen.

Costumes by C. A. Blackmer.

Electric Sensatieres by H. M. Randall.

Executive Staff.

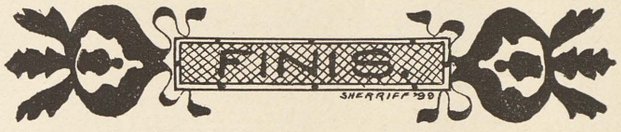
Financial Directors, - - Us. of Korse
Business Manager, - - H. Comins
Stage " - - E. May
Master of Properties, - - Mr. O. Murphy

Play complete with dialogue song and jokes. For sale by all junk dealers.

"FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE IU VABIT."

In the dim and distant future,
When old things have passed away,
  When the bright millennial dawning
  Breaks triumphant into day;
When our weary souls unfettered
Wing their flight from sphere to sphere,
  Then, oh classmates, then we'll glory,
  In the trials suffered here,
Tho' we were oppressed and troubled—
Burdened with a load of care,
  Tho' we did not cease to grumble
  At our duties double share,
We shall some day get our inning
Then our griefs will be all o'er;
  We shall then forget these troubles,
  And our thought in peace will soar.
Thus dear classmates let's be doing,
What remains to do with vim!
  For the unprogressive student
  There will be no room for him.

Olga A. M. Zuehlke.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The Fine Arts Building, 203-207 Michigan Ave.

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